

The

# Alcester Grammar



M.D.C.

NOBISCUM

CHRISTUS

STATE.

# School Record

December, 1938.

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 61

DECEMBER, 1938.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

P. HORSEMAN, A. JENKINS, M. AUSTIN, HUNT I.

## School Register.

### VALETE

- |                                   |   |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| *Hunt, H. D. (VI), 1927-38.       | Yapp, J. P. (Upp. V), 1934-38.            |
| *Lewis, E. J. (VI), 1932-38.      | Archer, D. M. (Low V), 1935-38.           |
| *Parsons, L. (VI), 1930-38.       | Davis, G. H. (Low V), 1928-38.            |
| *Spencer, R. W. (VI), 1927-38.    | Barnes, J. F. (Upp. IV), 1935-38.         |
| *Stone, M. G. (VI), 1929-38.      | Stevens, S. A. (Upp. IV), 1934-38.        |
| Bryan, J. H. (Upp. V), 1933-38.   | Bridgewater, W. J. (Low IVa),<br>1936-38. |
| Figures, G. H. (Upp. V), 1937-38. | Howard, M. K. (Low IVa),<br>1936-38.      |
| Godfrey, D. E. (Upp. V), 1933-38. | Richardson, J. E. (Low IVa),<br>1936-38.  |
| *Huxley, F. J. (Upp. V), 1931-38. | Edkins, R. J. (Low IVb), 1937-38.         |
| Ison, I. (Upp. V), 1929-38.       | Paskin, E. (Low IVb), 1936-38.            |
| Swift, G. H. (Upp. V), 1934-38.   | Gooding, P. M. (i), 1938.                 |

\* Prefect.

### SALVETE

- |                        |                          |
|------------------------|--------------------------|
| Archer, W. B. (iii).   | Ore, D. (iii).           |
| Aspinwall, J. M. (i).  | Parker, C. M. (iii).     |
| Ayles, J. B. (Low IV). | Portman, E. (iii).       |
| Barnford, E. P. (i).   | Prior, M. E. (iii).      |
| Bloxham, G. I. (iii).  | Rabone, A. E. (Low IV).  |
| Boote, J. L. (iii).    | Rose, E. M. (iii).       |
| Chatwin, J. P. (iii).  | Sainsbury, C. M. (iii).  |
| Driscoll, M. E. (iii). | Seale, P. M. (iii).      |
| Feast, B. P. (i).      | Vereker, S. P. (i).      |
| French, R. M. (Rem).   | Walton, E. M. (iii).     |
| Hughes, E. (iii).      | Warmington, T. G. (iii). |
| Ingram, P. R. (iii).   | Wells, J. K. (iii).      |
| Lewis, L. C. (iii).    | Winwood, R. E. (iii).    |
| Nash, N. J. (iii).     | Wright, J. E. A. (iii).  |

There have been 211 pupils in attendance this term.

### Old Scholars' Guild News.

President—Mr. C. T. L. Caton

The Winter Reunion will be held at school on Saturday, December 17th. The programme will take the form of a Xmas party, consisting of games, dancing, etc. The hall will be seasonably decorated, and every effort will be made by the committee to give members a really good time. Please make a note of this date and come along and make this a thoroughly jolly party.

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The Summer Reunion took place at school on Saturday, July 23rd. As in the previous year, the annual cricket match with the school eleven took place on the Birmingham Road field. A keenly fought game was thoroughly enjoyed by both players and spectators, the school passing the O.S. total with two wickets in hand. There were twelve players a side, the Old Scholars team being E. Chattaway (Captain), J. Chambers, H. Hewlett, L. Baylis, J. Tombs, W. Gray, F. Duxbury, C. Baylis, A. Avery, A. Baylis, R. Biddle and S. Scriven. Scores : Old Scholars 83, School 84 for 9.

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During the afternoon an American tennis tournament was played, the winners being Miss Powell and P. Sherwood. Table tennis, darts and cards, together with clock golf, attracted many enthusiasts throughout the afternoon and evening. Supper was served in the hall, when about seventy sat down to an appetising meal.

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As usual, during this interval the business meeting was held. Mr. Caton officially thanked the Guild for presenting the Arts and Crafts Shield to the school ; the head girl, Diana Hunt, expressed the appreciation of the scholars. The following officers were elected for the year 1938-39 : President, Mr. Caton ; Secretary, M. Blackford ; Treasurer, P. Wheeler ; Committee members, R. Smith, S. Ledbury, M. Sisam and S. Styler (for one year only) ; Games captains, B. Clark and R. C. Baylis. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the retiring secretary, S. Styler. At the end of the meeting, coffee was served in the Palm lounges, after which dancing to music played by the Alauna Band continued till midnight, when the reunion closed in the usual way.

Unfortunately, owing to unavoidable circumstances, M. Blackford has found it necessary to resign, and S. Styler is carrying on with the duties of secretary until a new one has been elected.

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The Xmas dance will be held in the Town Hall on Friday, December 30th, from 8.30 p.m. to 2 a.m. Tickets—3s. single, and 5s. 6d. double—will be obtainable from members of the committee. The name of the band will be announced later. Bring your friends along, and wind up the Christmas season with a dance.

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Saturday, December 17th, is the date arranged for a football match between Old Scholars and School.

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An Old Scholars XI meet the School XI at hockey on Friday, December 9th.

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Congratulations to D. O. Hewlett (scholar 1930-37), who has been awarded a Ministry of Agriculture scholarship for two years. He is now in residence at the Harper Adams Agricultural College.

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Also to D. E. G. Richards (scholar 1929-35) who has passed Part I of the Associateship examination of the Chartered Insurance Institute in the Accident Branch.

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And to Kathleen Collins and Myra Jones (scholars 1929-36) who have obtained their Board of Education Teacher's certificates.

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And to W. E. Sherwood (scholar 1927-35) on obtaining his degree, with fourth class honours at Oxford University.

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### **Births.**

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On June 12, to Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Chambers (née Elsie Dutfield)—a daughter.

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On July 8, to Mr. and Mrs. F. Duxbury (née Edith Francis)—a son.

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On July 16, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Harris (née Cicely Holder)—a daughter.

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On August 28, to Mr. and Mrs. P. Burden—a daughter.

### **Marriages.**

On July 30, at Birmingham, Percy F. Ellis to Mary Kathleen Kidd.

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On August 10, at Astwood Bank, Clement John Andrews (scholar 1917—28) to Hilda Kathleen Lawrence.

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On August 20, at Bidford-on-Avon, Sidney Ison (scholar 1925—32) to Lilian Joyce Flowers.

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On September 3, at Alcester, Leonard James Ison (scholar 1920—28) to Mary Walton.

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On September 7, at Inkberrow, Baden Horace Savage (scholar 1923—27), to Marion Hunt.

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On September 17, at Salford Priors, Walter Napier Smith to Olivia Winifred Lane (scholar 1919—29).

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On September 30, at Fenny Compton, Avery Stallard Hancox (scholar 1912—13) to Daphne Stow.

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### **Deaths.**

On September 11, Miriam Annie Handy (née Winnett), aged 30 years.

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On November 23, Bronwyne Martha Whitcombe, aged 25 years.

### November the Fifth

The theme of any modern "thriller," set beside the story of the Gunpowder Plot, seems quite reasonably possible. Those who scoff at modern tales of a small gang of crooks plotting to annihilate their enemies—including the Home Office, Scotland Yard, and the inevitable handsome young detective-cum-journalist—by the unscrupulous use of a newly-invented death-ray; those who point a scornful finger at such stories, and condemn them for ever as ridiculously impossible, should think for a moment of the Gunpowder Plot.

Accustomed as the average person of the seventeenth century was to plots and rumours of plots, the news of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot must nevertheless have come as a great shock to the ordinary man-in-the-street. One can imagine him resolving to keep an eye, in future, on his cellar, in case anyone should take it into his head to blow *him* up (shades of A.R.P.!) The same righteous citizen would no doubt sternly condemn those seventeenth-century gangsters for a scheme which, if it had succeeded, would have thrown the country into confusion. Just think—what should we do without our Members of Parliament?

At any rate the people celebrated, with obvious joy, the fall of the rascally Guy Fawkes, thereby displaying a certain amount of enthusiasm for Parliament, and even for poor King James. Hence the loyalty that small boys—and even quite big ones!—begin to show towards the end of October. Surely it cannot be mere love of noise which prompts this festival on the 'Glorious Fifth'? Let us believe, at any rate, that it is sheer loyalty and British love of justice which sends rockets hurtling skywards, and that schoolboys are just displaying their joy at the downfall of the wicked Guy Fawkes, and their affection for that noble English institution, Parliament; despite the fact that they may scare their long-suffering parents almost out of their wits in doing it.

But alas! as the years go by, I fear that Guy Fawkes is becoming less of a villain, and more of a hero to those who recall, by squibs and catherine-wheels, his misdeeds. The schoolboy is ever a lover of noise, and there is no evidence of any cooling off of that affection, as the slamming of doors and desk-lids at school shows us. Guy Fawkes has become the symbol of all that appeals to the blood-thirstiness and noisy element in a boy's nature. Bonfires, the joy of any boy's soul, and terrific bangs which can be

heard a mile away—do you wonder that November the Fifth is his idea of Paradise?

Any boy worth his salt starts collecting fireworks and material for a bonfire at least three weeks before the great event. Every spare halfpenny goes on one of those gaily-wrapped, generally cylindrically shaped objects which seem so plentiful in shop windows at this time of the year. Trucks full of dead leaves, hedge-cuttings, and odd bits of wood are pushed along country lanes when school is over, while in the town, trucks are also being pushed about, with the appeal "Penny for the Guy, Sir?"

When the great night arrives, bangs can be heard almost before it is dusk, and by half-past six the event is in full swing. Out there in the darkness gleams of light are seen, and bright meteor-like objects flash skywards, accompanied by yells of delight from those standing round. Bonfires blaze, and effigies of the wretched Guy Fawkes (I wonder how many of them actually resemble him?) are consigned to the flames. There is generally an anxious moment or two when the bonfire is being lighted; will this product of so many days' hard work burn, after all? Then, when it is finally blazing, comes the thought "I hope it won't set fire to that plum-tree over there" or "I hope no sparks fall on the house." Dogs and cats bolt for cover as soon as the banging begins; mothers, sisters and other timid folk put their hands to their ears; incidentally, that is known to have been done once by quite a bold, dashing and courageous member of the Middle School, in a moment of weakness. For three hours or more the fun continues, until the fire burns low, the last "sparkler" finishes sparkling, and the last match is used.

Everyone knows what the average backyard looks like on the morning of November 6th. Charred remains of the glories of the previous evening are everywhere. All the work and pocket-money of the last weeks has literally "gone up in smoke," and the world seems a very empty place. In the cold light of day, fireworks, like film-stars, lose much of their glamour, and, with a blackened and none too sweet-smelling empty cardboard case in one hand, and with the other in an even more empty pocket, we are left wondering whether History, and Parliament, means as much to us as all that.

P. R. H.

### Winter.

The icicles are hanging above our frosted door,  
The fields are one white blanket, for winter's here once more ;  
The trees are white and furry with frost that came last night,  
The pond is frozen over and frogs have gone from sight.

The ground is hard and lumpy, the birds have naught to eat,  
They want to get the worms that live beneath this frozen sheet ;  
The roof-tops of the houses are winking in the sun,  
This wondrous winter picture many a heart hath won.

The pillar box is covered with a cap of sparkling snow,  
Old ladies sit in comfy chairs telling tales of woe ;  
Of chilblains on their aged feet, how irksome they can be,  
To every polite neighbour who drops in for some tea.

The church bells tolling softly are bidding us to go,  
And thank our kindly Maker, our gratefulness to show ;  
And as we leave this picture, for spring will soon be here,  
We think of the cold winter that will surely disappear.

M. WILLIAMS (Lower V).

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### Lighting a Fire.

One cold, wet afternoon I returned home to find that mother had gone out and would be back "soon," (as *she* said). She had left a note telling me to light the fire and not get the hearth untidy, as the fire was already laid. I was about to strike a match, when in came my small sister. "What on earth are you doing?" she said. I really don't know why she asked that question, as it was perfectly obvious to any one that I was lighting a fire. Well, she began to watch me intently, and I, of course adopted a superior air and said, "Now watch me, I am going to light the fire the proper way and only use one match." She giggled, made some nasty remark, and reminded me of some previous attempt of mine at lighting the fire.

First of all I broke one match, the next one would not light up. Then at last I managed to set fire to the paper, but unfortunately only the paper part burned and the wood and coal just smouldered. Well, as the paper was all burnt away I had to put some more on. Instead of relaying the fire, as I should have done, I thought that it would be much easier just to put a big ball of paper on top of the sticks. I set fire to the paper and then, to my horror, a lot of soot came down the chimney, putting it out again. By this time, the dog, also, had come to watch the proceedings, and she jumped back with a bark as the soot nearly buried her.



All this time my sister had been giving a series of aggravating little laughs at my efforts. Then she said that she was bothered if she was going to stay in a cold house ; so out she went to the girl next door. She had only gone a few seconds when she was in again, shouting " Come and look, the chimney is on fire."

Well, there was nothing we could do, but let it burn, and in a short time it had burned itself out. By this time the whole of the hearth was completely covered in soot ; so I went into the kitchen and sat by the stove. Then in came the dog, covered with soot, and jumped on my lap. Not feeling like facing mother that night, I went to bed, and the next morning when I got downstairs, mother said nothing, but just looked at me, which was worse than if she had scolded me for hours. I sat down to a breakfast I didn't like, too full for words.

J. BRIDGMAN (Upper IVa).

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### *Notes and News.*

The prefects this term are P. Horesman (head girl), D. Gale, D. Horseman, A. Jenkins, E. Simmons, R. Stone ; Butt (head boy), Collins i, Hunt i, Mahoney, Rutter, Walker, Welsby.

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Sides captains are :—*Brownies*, F. Hawkes, A. Jenkins, Whitehouse ; *Jackals*, P. Horseman, D. Horseman, Green i ; *Tomtits*, D. Gale, M. Woodward, Collins i.

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The football captain is Collins i, the hockey captain D. Horseman.

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On Monday, July 25th, a party of boys with Mr. Walker and Mr. Cook travelled by bus to the swimming pool at Droitwich.

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On the same afternoon the girls' tennis tournament was played at school.

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The customary presentations were made by Mr. Caton at the final assembly last term. They were as follows : Cricket bat (presented by Mr. S. Stone) for the best performer during the season—to Parsons ; Cricket bat (presented by Mr. A. Baylis) for the most improved cricketer—to Smith i ; Tennis Gold Medal—to I. Ison ; Tennis Silver Medal—to D. Horseman (runner-up).

Miss Kidd, our Domestic Science Mistress, left at the end of last term, and her place has been taken by Miss M. G. Biggs.

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This year there is only one Lower Fourth, while the Upper Fourth is divided into A and B forms.

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Congratulations to Parsons on obtaining a Warwickshire School-leaving Scholarship and a Keble Bursary.

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Also to Dorothy Archer, who has been awarded a Warwickshire County Agricultural Scholarship.

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A lecture was given on Wednesday, September 28th, by Miss Margaret Haig on "How we got our clothes." It was attended by girls of Forms VI, Upper and Lower V, and Upper IV.

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On Monday, October 10th, Mrs. Naomi Allen gave a lecture on the subject of "Gliding, Soaring and Parachuting."

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The Sixth, Upper and Lower Fifth attended a lecture on "Czechoslovakia" by Mr. F. E. Parsons on Tuesday, October 11th.

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A collection for the Czechoslovakian refugee children's relief fund realised £3 10s.

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On Wednesday, October 26th, a party of sixty-five from the Sixth, the Upper Fifth and the Lower Fifth, with Miss Deans, Miss Powell, Mr. Druller and Mr. Cook visited the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon for a matinee performance of Housman's "Victoria Regina."

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Half term was Monday, October 31st. The following day was given as a scholarship holiday.

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On Wednesday, November 2nd, a lecture on "Yugoslavia and the Dalmatian Coast" was given by Mr. Guy Fothergill.

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On Thursday, November 17th, members of the Upper Fifth with Miss Evans and Mr. Walker paid a visit to Messrs. Cadbury's works at Bournville.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the gift by Canon Chapman of eighteen volumes to the Fiction library.

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Also the gift of a number of early copies of the RECORD by Mr. A. J. Gwinnett and Mr. H. T. Lester.

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"England" (Wilhelm Dibelius) has been presented to the Reference library by D. Hunt, G. Stone and Parsons.

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A copy of "Alice in Wonderland" was given by G. Stone to Form i library.

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During the Czecho-slovakian crisis, the school bell was commandeered by the police, and school times had to be marked by the blowing of a whistle.

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Mr. Alfred Quaife conducted the examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music, held at school on Thursday, December 1st.

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All sincerely sympathise with Mr. Walker, whose unfortunate accident on Sunday, November 20th will prevent his returning to school until after Christmas.

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Last term school was enriched by a set of ten pictures, in plain light oak frames, hung in the Art Room, classrooms and corridor. The school is participating in a scheme, organised by the Art Society, by which schools may have a set of ten pictures, changing them every term, for a period of five years. The selection is varied and stimulating, ranging from Early Italian to the most modern "Abstract." At the end of that period one set of pictures, with frames, becomes the property of the school or circulation may be begun over again. The pictures have been chosen from among the finest reproductions available, and both those which were hung last term and those by which they have been replaced this term have proved a source of much interest and discussion. Postcards of the pictures can be obtained at an average cost of 3d. each.

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Term ends on Tuesday, December 20th.



THE DANCER.

*I. Ison.*

### **The New School Buildings.**

Can it be really true that one of the greatest dreams of my youth is about to be realised? It seems that this wild dream of New Buildings was first dreamt during the very first year of my school career. Indeed at that time I was scarcely old enough to realise the great urgency of its fulfilment, but as I have gradually worked my way up the school this need to my mind has become more and more apparent, until it now seems that future existence without its realisation would be quite impossible.

Year by year we have been troubled by further discomforts which continually remind us of this great necessity. At all times one is reminded of the uncomfortable lack of space, more especially perhaps when visiting the cloakrooms after a games period. It is quite impossible to be ready for the forthcoming attractions of the next class if one does not adopt, with a steady determination, a policy of self defence. With desperate struggles a pair of lost shoes are retrieved, hockey pads removed, and muddy souvenirs of past enjoyment are detached with difficulty from faces, hands and clothes. After receiving many shouts and blows from contemporaries the feat of changing is accomplished, the final effort of reaching the classroom is completed and one is ready to grapple with the next problem.

Unfortunately this problem hits one in the face while partaking of a well earned meal in the dining room. This part of the school is a training centre for waitresses. Most of ours have now reached an unparalleled standard of efficiency. Daily they grapple with the endless problems which are bound to present themselves in a room overcrowded with children anxiously waiting to satisfy their ravenous appetites. Unless one is fortunate enough to possess a seat at the end of a table the chance of committing the crime of dining with elbows extended is extremely rare—in itself, of course, hardly a bad thing.

Playgrounds are also distressed areas. The Upper School have been taught by experience long ago that to take exercise there is quite out of the question, especially when the skipping craze is in full swing.

Upon hearing, not without doubts of course, that the buildings are really about to be built one begins to dream dreams again. Each individual builds his own castles in the air. We begin to see large imposing classrooms, a spacious dining-room, an intriguing gymnasium and attractive science laboratories all in a flash, hardly stopping to realise that it will take more than a wave of a fairy godmother's wand to bring about the realisation of these dreams. Do we stop to think of the noisy bricklayers who will

discuss with great indignation the latest movements of those "dreadful dictators," at the same time throwing bricks at one another with the most amazing rapidity, whilst balancing on a rickety ladder in mid air? Meanwhile in the room below unhappy scholars are studying More's "Utopia" with varying success. Do we look forward to mathematics—lessons spent patiently endeavouring to find the "unknown quantity" to the accompaniment of falling bricks and the perpetual thud of a hammer, instead of the accustomed twitter of birds to help in one's research? Instead of those science lessons spent with mice who lazily refuse to respond to the usually irresistible qualities of laughing gas; those frogs that persist in hopping about in the most uncontrollable manner; where beakers and test tubes slip from one's fingers in the most annoying fashion and where worms under the most amazing conditions still continue to wriggle; instead of these experiments and we hope others, practiced by the more serious type of scientist, we shall be compelled to retire to some undemolished corner with a dull text book as our only companion.

The thought of such things, if they do really materialise, is most exasperating. School life will become unusually exciting and very chaotic for a time. But when the last workman stalks down the drive for the last time with paint pots and brushes dangling at his sides, he will whistle merrily with the satisfaction of having completed another job. Meanwhile we shall be running round in circles and losing ourselves in a school which some of us have known for eleven years. What an incredible situation to be in!

A. M. J.

### Olla Podrida.

Will F.H. explain what she means by "conventional rains."

According to B.S. and S.P. *in iugo insistere* means "to stand on the yolk."

There appears to be some haziness as to what geysers are. One pupil says that they are large animals found in Australia, while another tells us that they are birds of prey found in Africa.

*flores lectos* == a litter of flowers, says N.H.D.

Small boy to teacher: "Please sir, do you think I can trust you to give my brother this sixpence?" (Collapse of teacher.)

Singapore, writes A.A., is a large Ontrapo station.

### A Letter to Hiawatha.

I have read of your adventures,  
O Great, Strong, Hiawatha,  
Your miraculous adventures,  
Of your brave, daring adventures.  
I have heard of Minnehaha,  
Running Water and your Grandma,  
Of your kind and loving Grandma,  
Of your lovely Minnehaha ;  
And have longed to come and join you  
When you fish in Running Water,  
When the squirrels come and chatter,  
And the night-owls come and guard you.  
I have longed to hear you singing,  
See you hunting, hear you talking ;  
Have felt very full of sorrow,  
When you lost sweet Minnehaha,  
Sweet and loving Minnehaha,  
The Minnehaha you loved dearly.  
And have longed when you were young,  
To come and rock you in your blanket,  
So that you could dream those sweet dreams,  
Of the squirrels and the foxes ;  
So that you could wake up early,  
Go and swim in Running Water.

J. HANSELL (Lower V).

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### A Holiday in Flanders.

At midnight, the " St. Denis " made her way out of Harwich harbour, with three enthusiastic adventurers on board. We arrived at Zeebrugge at the unearthly hour of 6 a.m. and from there, by coach, we were taken to Heyst, which is about six miles from the Dutch border.

Naturally we were very tired after a sleepless night, for who can sleep on their first voyage ? Yet on the same day that we arrived, we made a journey across the frontier into Holland. Sluis is a typical Dutch town, complete with adriver and wind-mill. We set off to explore this quaint town, and after helping some Germans to take a few snaps and admiring the smart uniforms of the Dutch police, we took away with us quite a favourable impression of Holland.

We decided to make a tour of the battle fields of Flanders, which we discovered would cost us all together only two hundred and ninety-six francs, which really isn't a great deal. The Hindenburg line of pill boxes was our first objective. Then cemeteries began to appear on both sides of the road, the allied graves being marked by white stones and the German by black crosses. This was Passchendale Ridge. A huge soldier, head and shoulders above the trees around it, marked the Canadian Memorial. Here were two thousand Canadians who were killed in the first German gas attack, and every bush and tree there had been brought from Canada. We inspected the only original front line trenches in Flanders, and we were almost overcome by the horror of those evil smelling, green, water-logged holes. Guns, helmets and bones were lying everywhere, nothing had been disturbed. I picked up a horse's thigh bone without knowing what it was at first.

Ypres was very interesting; we signed our names in the visitors' book at the Menin Gate, on which are inscribed the names of fifty-four thousand Britishers who never received a known grave, and who were killed around Ypres. Time will not allow us to describe such places as "Hell Fire Corner," "Sanctuary Wood," Dixmude and scores of other memories, but war was shown in its true colours, and twenty odd years have failed to erase the horrible devastation of the last war.

There was, of course, a lighter side to our holiday. In Belgium, they use for travelling, a pedal car, which can be hired quite cheaply. One day we took out two of these vehicles, which hold two passengers each. The trouble began when we left the cycle track. A gendarme shouted to us in Flemish, but all we could say was, "No Compris, Anglais," which doesn't say much for our French. We swung from side to side and the trams and cars came perilously close to us, but we managed to get out of that mess.

With sincere regret we went aboard the "Antwerp," at midnight, nine days later. After depositing our luggage in the cabins, we went on deck to watch the lights of Heyst and Zeebrugge fade into the distance. We rounded Zeebrugge Mole and headed out to sea; then we went to our cabins and this time slept the sleep of contentment.

J. R. W. WHITEHOUSE.  
R. M. MIDLANE.  
J. G. WALTERS.



### Cooking is Easy.

One wet afternoon Pam and I thought we would do some cooking. We decided to make cakes first. Pam said, "It's all so simple and straightforward. You just have to follow the recipe, and there you are, a cake fit for a king. I can't think why people make such a fuss about cooking."

We chose a very complicated recipe first of all, for we considered we were no amateurs. This cake was supposed to be birthday cake. When it came out of the oven it looked absolutely as bad as a cake can look. The outside was burnt black, the currants were all burnt, and a hole deep enough to hold a tea-cup had appeared in the middle. It would certainly have taken a circus strong man to lift it.

I said, "Well, we'll taste it, for we can't possibly ice a thing like that." So we cut a slice each. Pam took a bite, and ran to the kitchen for a glass of water to take the taste away. After that Pam said, "We'll make something plain and homely like jam tarts; we mustn't bake those so much. I'm sure they will be lovely." We soon had the tarts ready, full and overflowing with jam, to be put into the oven. When we looked at them again the jam had run all over the oven making an awful mess. The remainder of the jam left in the tarts was burnt, and the pastry was a bilious yellow. This was due to the fact that we had added two eggs and half a pound of butter to the pastry mixture.

As it was now nearing tea time, Pam put on her hat and coat, and said, "Come along, let's go to the baker's shop and fetch some cake for tea. We can clear up this mess afterwards."

J. PLESTERS (Lower IV).

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### My Dog.

My dog is no beauty to look at—but he has about him that attractive charm which shows itself in the wag of his funny stump of a tail, and the way he cocks his pert little head. His feet are huge things (especially when Mother sees them left on the newly-polished hall-floor). His ears have that eavesdropping look about them, and his nose ends in an engaging tip; the sort of tip which you expect to find poked into everything; it was poked into our bees' hive the other day!

I remember when Bunter joined the family circle, and Mother's face when she saw "that awful little mongrel" that I'd picked up. We can never quite find out his ancestry; but it is certain that somewhere in his long line he has a bit of the fighting Scotchman. Bunter is the dog for a real canine scrap, and he will emerge triumphant—leaving behind half his ear and perhaps the end of his tail. But whenever there is a question of honour; such as the theft of a bone, or the finding of some buried treasure; Bunter will be there to fight it out.

On the first day we had him he showed his fighting breed, and triumphantly showed us ten prize chickens laid out on the yard; that was nearly the undoing of our hero. Another time Bunter, overestimating his merits, challenged the "terror of the neighbourhood" to fight with him. Alas! before I could part them the big dog had the smaller by his throat; I could see Bunter going from me before my eyes even. But no, a gallant cavalier (in the form of a red omnibus) stopped, and the driver and conductor, by various means, parted them. I carried back home a forlorn dog that day.

You would not think that this little bit of fighting fury would go to church—he did though! I shall never forget seeing him walking down the aisle, his stumpy tail stuck in the air, and his nose down to the ground, hot on my trail! At last he found me, and, with a joyous bark, he sat up on his hind legs outside my pew. Oh the horror of it! the amazed parson's look and the badly covered smiles on the faces of those around; the awful sounding tread of my feet on the cold stone flags, and the struggles of the culprit in my arms; but at last relief from the church into the bright sunshine. That was Bunter's first church service—and his last.

Bunter is very fond of hats; Mother has not yet forgotten finding her best hat in shreds. And once, while going through the millinery department, he bore off in triumph, one of the latest models from Paris; a hat adorned with a huge ostrich feather. Bunter is always interested in birds, and he and the cat watch the birds on the bird bath in close co-operation; this is the only time that he deigns to look at the cat—*she* is quite below his dignity.

Though Bunter always seems to find some mischief, he is really a dear; now he is looking at me with those amber eyes of his, and pulling my frock, "When are you coming for a walk," he seems to say—I must go.

J. MACHIN.

### On Waiting for a Train.

My friend and I were waiting for a train, in, I should imagine, the coldest place in England. The man who combined the duties of station-master, booking-clerk and porter was reading a lurid covered novel and seemed so absorbed in it, that I scarcely dared to disturb him to ask him for our tickets. There was no fire in the waiting-room and what was worse, there were no refreshments to be had. I walked to the door and peered out : it was black as night although the time was only five o'clock, and it was raining cats and dogs. Turning my coat-collar up, I bravely marched along the platform to the two solitary slot-machines. After wasting five pence on trying to get something edible from them, I came to the conclusion that they were not in working order, so I returned disconsolately to the "ice-box." As I sat there a limerick kept passing through my mind :

There was a young lady named Psyche,  
Who was heard to ejaculate Peryche,  
For when riding her Pbych  
She ran over a Ptych,  
And fell on some nails which were Ppsyche.

This rhyme, twiddling my fingers and staring at the ancient posters on the walls formed my chief amusements. A slight diversion was caused however when an ancient vehicle drew up with loud groans of protest and from it stepped the oldest inhabitant accompanied by his dog. After the animal had made a detour of the waiting-room, he went outside and trotted about in the rain for about a quarter-of-an-hour. Then the sudden longing for human companionship overcame him and inside he trotted, made straight for me and shook himself vigorously over my feet. As his ancient master reproved him, I endeavoured to smile but the attempt so alarmed my friend that I abruptly checked myself. The sound of the pattering rain was all that one could hear, all attempt at conversation having been abandoned long ago. After an eternity of waiting, the station-master-porter got up and announced that the train would arrive at any minute.

My friend and I climbed thankfully into our compartment. We were the sole occupants of the carriage for the rest of the uneventful journey and arrived thankfully at our destination.

M. AUSTIN.



SUNSET.

*A. Jenkins*

### Autumn Time.

Autumn time is here at last,  
The withered leaves are falling fast.  
Yellow and brown and fiery red,  
Each flutter to their mossy bed.

The little brook goes tinkling by,  
Thro' fields which once were filled with rye.  
Hark! the hunt draws nigh, the hounds  
Come o'er the hedge with leaps and bounds.

The sun is glinting through the trees,  
Their leafless boughs sway in the breeze.  
Soon now will wintertime be here,  
And then comes Christmas, and good cheer.

G. SPENCER (Upper IVA).

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### Excelsior.

We are here at last! We have piloted the ship of our fortunes over the hill Difficulty, and have reached the top of the tree in time to see the rosy-fingered dawn breaking o'er the Western hills. We have attained the garden of gardens, the ultimate paradise, the supreme prize. We are in the Sixth. Far behind us, like the memory of a bad dream, is the Oxford School certificate examination. This is indeed a stumbling block of ill repute, but we surmounted it despite many veiled hints and even violent assertions of failure.

Throughout the first two weeks in September we dreamed of long, idle days, where periods of explosions and electric shocks would be alternated by periods of complete, peaceful rest. But, alas, this was too good to be true. We soon found that free periods are about as free as eggs. The joy of sixteen science periods a week is rather detracted from by the eight periods of Higher Mathematics. We struggle with Mechanics, Algebra, Co-ordinate Geometry, Trigonometry, and just manage to keep our heads above water. But we fight a losing battle with the Calculus. It is almost beyond us. We know not why we do it. Then,

suddenly, and quite by accident, we find out the sole useful purpose of Calculus. But we are still in the dark as to its methods ; perhaps we shall see light soon.

It is not, however, the regular work that gets us down ; it is the problem papers. These are a form of torture—mental torture, that is—which have come from the Spanish Inquisition. It is reported that a heretic mathematician died in intense pain after wrestling for sixteen hours with the following problem :

“ A dispatch rider goes from the back to the front, and returns to the back of a moving column of infantry five miles long. If the column moves forward nine furlongs in this time, find the total discomfort undergone by the rider, allowing for : (1) The General's bad temper, (2) Dusty roads, (3) Ploughed Fields, (4) Acts of war, (5) Acts of Sabotage, (6) Acts of Parliament (i.e. Closing hours, etc.), (7) Acts of God.” Write your answer on the back of as many five pound notes as you can find. Full working must be shown. Send your answer with postal orders for at least one pound and a cheque for fifty pounds (Postage stamps, especially halfpenny ones, will not be accepted), to the following address : The Three Must-get-theres, Sixth Form, A.G.S.

The senders of the first three correct solutions received will each receive by return of post an autographed portrait of the MacWarmingpan of MacWarmingpan, or a cigarette picture of Shirley Temple. (State which preferred).

But whatever may be the disadvantages of Sixth Form life, the Sixth undoubtedly enjoys many privileges. For instance, the worthy members of the Form are privileged to share the fate of the Wandering Jew ; not persecution, but just homelessness. We learn that when the new buildings are under construction (did we hear a whisper there ?) the Sixth are to be turned out of their class room to make room for a larger class. What a glorious thing it is to suffer for the community. Another privilege is to receive first-hand most of the rows with regard to tools which are missing or broken, or any bad influence which spreads among the lower school. For example, this is said by one person on two separate occasions : “ Don't follow X, he hasn't got there.” “ Look at X, he's got there ; you haven't.” This appears to us to be a deep philosophy indeed. Later the said ‘ X ’ is dubbed ‘ Peter Pan ’ for expressing the perfectly good opinion that as childhood comes but once, why not enjoy it ? We fail utterly to see the aptitude of such nomenclature. Strange are the ways of the Philosopher !

W. G. H.

### **I Fish.**

The Editor, the A.G.S. RECORD.

Dear Sir,

Having unearthed my fishing tackle from beneath a heap of discarded junk, my old enthusiasm for fishing returned and I could not rest until I had obtained a permit to go fishing at my favourite haunt, a neighbouring lake. I hastily prepared some bait, and set out, eager to be "first on the scene." I tramped along and eventually caught sight of the lake's glimmering surface through the trees, and a few minutes later I was there. To my extreme disgust there were three people occupying the chief bank spot, the landing-stage. So I went further on round, deciding to try a little bank fishing before I took out the punt.

I had been fishing a short time when along came someone with a great dog, which first noisily splashed in and out of the water several times and then proceeded to knock over my tin of hemp seed, the majority of which spilt into the water. Annoyed by this, I moved a few yards nearer the boat-house, where I cast in between some drooping trees. I soon had bites, the only thing causing me anxiety being the quantity of large sticks which I fished out from time to time. After losing several baits I concluded that it was "some" fish, and so I eagerly put on another lump of cheese and cast in. It had been in barely two minutes when the float went down. I struck, and from the obstinate pull I thought I had got another stump. However, I pulled away and gradually a real specimen fish appeared on the top, splashing nearly as badly as the dog had done. At the sight of this catch I continued to haul in with an increasing feeling of pride and exultation. But due to the overhanging branches I was prevented from slinging it on to the bank, and had to draw it slowly towards me. Then, just as I had got it over the edge of the bank it slipped off, falling into the water, leaving me gasping with amazement at its size. I again cast in, and when I attempted to pull up, after about five minutes, I found that the line absolutely refused to come. There was no doubt this time; it was a stump. After vainly swaying the line from side to side, I tried a snatch, and the line came, but without the hook and gut.

At first I treated this very lightly, and went to get another one from the bag. But to my further annoyance, I found that I had left the case at home. Now I had to wait about until someone should come along from whom I could buy one. Being at last fixed up, I determined to lose no more time in getting out the punt. So I unlocked the door and hurried in, but to my dismay, I found

the punt half-full of water. However, after a time I succeeded in baling it out and pushed away towards the middle, where I cast out with a feeling of relief. For half an hour, during which time I ate my dinner, nothing further happened to disturb my peace of mind, and I thought that perhaps things would turn out all right. Yet it seemed as though I was destined to have no peace, for soon afterwards I noticed several cars pull up at the other end. Thinking them to be merely a few more fishermen, I continued to watch my float, giving the newcomers no more thought. But even if I was content to forget them, they soon reminded me of their presence, for the next minute there was a succession of rifle-reports: to my utter disgust I realised the men had come to shoot a few ducks.

This episode put an end to all idea of fishing, and after cruising round the lake once or twice I made my way towards the boat-house. I packed up my tackle, properly "fed-up," and began to walk back home, thinking of that superb fish which should, by rights, have now been in my possession. I fixed its weight at a pound and a three quarters, and, although popular opinion of a fisherman's particular propensity states otherwise, I did not vary from this estimation beyond a few ounces. So I must close, still thinking of that two-pounder—or did I say two and a half!

I remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

X. M. O. Q. II.

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### **Christmas Time.**

Bring me ivy, bring me holly !  
Let the mistletoe look jolly !  
Let the scarlet berries shine,  
In this holly wreath of mine.

Ring on, merry bells in gladness.  
Let us think no thoughts of sadness,  
Ring on gaily as you may ;  
Tell the world it's Christmas day.

I can hear a robin singing,  
Did he hear the bells a-ringing ?  
He has a little breast of red,  
He's looking for some crumbs of bread.

All across the frozen lakes,  
Snow is falling in white flakes.  
In the welcome morning light.  
I shall see the roofs so white.

M. PRIOR (Form III).



### An Autumn Scene in the Woods.

It is interesting to note the changes in the woods. Perhaps you may have noticed that already some change has taken place; the leaves that were once bright green, are now turning colour, the beech leaves glisten beautifully in the morning sun.

But it is early morning, and the first grey finger of dawn is slowly creeping over the hillsides, casting small rays of light into the darkness of the overhanging trees. Already a few small birds have ventured out to catch an unwary worm or beetle. A rabbit peeping timidly out of its hole to see if the coast is clear, instantly disappears, for it sees the sleek head of a stoat peering round a blackthorn bush.

"What is that? It looks like gold." We will go and see, but as we draw nearer we find it is only leaves; but wait, it is heaving, what can it be? Ah, we shall soon know for whatever it may be, it is coming upwards. We know already for, thrust upwards is the head of a masked badger; it is blinking stupidly for the sun has broken through, causing the leaves to sparkle brighter. It withdraws its head quickly not being able to stand the light. As we walk on we notice a few feet away from us large foot-prints. These are made by foxes so let us hide behind this tree and watch. We have not long to wait, for the fox is already in view.

"What has he got in his mouth? It is a pheasant," but the fox does not give us much chance to look at his catch, for, turning round he rushes headlong into the heart of the wood, scattering leaves in all directions.

We turn away, hoping to see more interesting objects, but, to our disappointment, we find we have wandered heedlessly to the edge of the wood.

As we step out into now brilliant sunlight, hearing dry leaves crackling under our feet, we think of the animals in the wood preying on one another.

Then recalling our thoughts for one wandering moment, we lift up our heads to listen to the cock crowing in the East.

E. ROSE (Form III).

### A Weird Experience.

On New Year's Eve, 1938, my father sent me out with two important letters. It was a still cold night when I set out, and the frost was just settling on the ground. I first delivered my letter to the landlord of the "Crown Inn." While I was in the public house I heard some old villagers talking about the "black dog of Berry Lane" and the "grey lady of Cross lanes." These stories are some of the oldest I can remember. Before, I had never

taken any notice of them. But that night I had to go through Berry Lane. I must tell you that that night was ideal for ghosts. As I entered Berry Lane (which is a deep cutting with bushes overhanging the road) I could well believe the tale of the black dog. However, I tried to dismiss the story from my mind. When I was about half-way along the lane I saw a black shape glide out of the bank, cross the road, and disappear into the opposite bank. Whether a cloud passed over the moon or whether it was really the black dog I shall never know, for I turned round and pedalled away as fast I could. I must have been in rather a dazed state of mind for I rode without even knowing where I was going. But I came to my senses when I thought I saw the shape of a woman in Tudor dress float across the road—the grey lady! The ghosts seemed to be following me that night. I recovered however and delivered my second letter by another route. Oh! I forgot to tell you that I had a glass of cider before I left the “Crown.”

STEWART (Upper IVa).

### Autumn Leaves.

Yellow, and brown, and green, and red.  
The leaves go dancing about your head.  
The gusty wind, it blows them round;  
They all go fluttering to the ground.

And oh! The faces of the Garden-Proud!  
They visibly begin to cloud.  
As leaves and leaves, by winds are led  
To land upon their flower bed.

They fuss, and frown, and fret, and fume,  
And when they've cooled, they get a broom—  
And sweep, and sweep—but all in vain—  
The wind just scatters them again.

K. WILSON (Lower IV).

### Oxford Examinations, 1938.

#### HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Modern Studies—H. D. Hunt (distinction in History).

#### SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

\*J. H. Bryan (5 credits), G. T. Collins (4 credits), M. Crompton (4 credits), G. H. Figures (2 credits), D. E. M. Gale (4 credits), \*D. J. Horseman (6 credits), \*W. G. Hunt (7 credits), A. M. Jenkins (2 credits), W. J. Mahoney (4 credits), \*P. H. Rutter (6 credits), \*R. M. Stone (6 credits), \*G. H. Swift (5 credits), S. K. Walker (4 credits), J. P. Yapp (3 credits).

\*Qualification to claim exemption from London Matriculation Examination.

### Royal Drawing Society Examinations.

In the examinations held in July, seventy-two pupils of the school were awarded honours and fifty-seven pass certificates. The following are the successful candidates in the three senior divisions :—

DIVISION IV (*Honours*) : W. S. Devey, I. Ison, S. M. Peel, B. M. Slaughter, D. E. W. Spencer, R. J. Walton, R. G. Webb, J. R. W. Whitehouse.

(*Pass*) : E. A. Aspinwall, S. G. Biddle, N. H. Dyer, A. M. Jenkins, J. Machin, R. M. Midlane, E. H. Portman, S. Stevens.

DIVISION V (*Honours*) : I. Ison, D. E. W. Spencer.

(*Pass*) : A. M. Jenkins, J. Machin, M. J. Woodward.

DIVISION VI (*Honours*) : I. Ison, A. M. Jenkins, D. E. W. Spencer, M. J. Woodward.

(*Pass*) : J. Machin.

PRIZE FOR ILLUSTRATION : D. E. W. Spencer.

I. Ison and D. E. W. Spencer, having now secured honours in all six divisions of the examination, are entitled to the full honours certificate.

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### Debating Society.

CHAIRMAN—Miss Evans. HON. SECRETARY—Butt.

#### COMMITTEE—

P. Horseman, Hunt i, Whitehouse, Biddle, Harrison and Butt.

After the warm reception that the society received last session, we entered upon the present season with optimism, and so far it seems that our hopes have been justified.

The first debate took place on Friday, November 3rd, the subject being :—"War is the only effective method of settling International disputes." A keen discussion, a considerable improvement of all the speakers and a narrow victory for the motion describes this meeting ; the success of this subject proves again that subjects of a topical nature are the most successful and give rise to a spirited debate.

Another debate will take place on Friday, December 16th, the subject under discussion being—"The Spirit of Christmas is lacking in Modern Life."—With such a seasonable subject we hope that there will be a good attendance, and will extend a hearty welcome to new members.

M. W. B.

### **Scouts.**

SCOUTMASTER—Mr. Walker.

This term the numbers are well maintained, the troop being seventy strong. There is keen competition between the ten patrols, and many scouts have obtained proficiency badges in various branches of Scout life. A regrettable laziness on the part of certain individuals as regards changing into uniform has been shown, but it is to be hoped that this slackness will disappear.

Some of the senior scouts gave their assistance during National Scout week in the house-to-house collections, and in Alcester a sum of £18 10s. was realised.

On November 4th, the troop was visited by the County Commissioner, who spoke a few helpful words to the scouts, and afterwards watched them doing patrol activities. The following week Mr. Walker announced that the troop was to be divided into two parts; the senior troop to consist of all scouts who are fully second class, and the junior troop of all those who have not yet attained this standard of proficiency. It is hoped that outside help will be obtained for classes in First Aid and Field surveying, while other classes will be arranged later. The mouth-organ band has also started practising again, and it is hoped that it will soon be functioning as it was about a year ago.

It is felt that if every scout puts his shoulder to the wheel, the troop will flourish, but it is essential that there should be no slackers. We should welcome news of scouting activities from any old A.G.S. scouts, as such news always helps to keep up interest in the scout movement.

W. G. H.

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### **Football.**

CAPTAIN—Collins i.

This season the team shows great promise, but it was unfortunate that the first three fixtures were away, and the team only recently settled down. Keen spirit has been shown in the games so far played, and it is to be regretted that the results have not proved better.

An interesting game was played against King's Norton, where we failed to draw by virtue of a missed penalty; the team was however rewarded by victory in the following match, over the Church Lads' Brigade.

We were glad to welcome again Mr. K. C. Tewkesbury, the F.A. coach, whose valuable assistance has undoubtedly told on this season's play.

### RESULTS.

- A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away) lost 2—4.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away) lost 1—7.  
 v. Stratford F.I.S.S.C. 2nd (away) lost 5—10.  
 v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home) lost 1—2.  
 v. King's Norton (home), lost 2—3.  
 v. Alcester C.L.B. (home), won 6—5.  
 v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won 8—2.  
 v. Stratford F.I.S.S.C. 2nd (home), lost 2—6.

### SIDES MATCHES.

Tomtits 9, Jackals 0 ; Brownies 4, Jackals 0 ; Brownies 3, Tomtits 0.

### Cricket, 1958.

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
8	2	3	3

The following boys represented the School :—Allen, Biddle, Butt, Collins i, Davis, Green i, Horton, Midlane i, Parsons, Smith i, Walton, Whitehouse, Woods, Yapp i.

### Tennis, 1958.

Played	Won	Lost	For	Sets. Against
2	2	—	15	11

The School was represented by I. Ison (Captain), D. Horseman, D. Hunt, E. Simmons, B. Slaughter, M. Crompton.

### Hockey.

CAPTAIN—D. Horseman.

So far this term, only one match has been played. Although the result was not very satisfactory, the team played and fought back well. Three matches have yet to be played and perhaps after steady practice, a better result will be obtained.

### RESULT

A.G.S. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost 1—9.

### SIDES MATCHES.

Brownies 4, Tomtits 0 ; Brownies 4, Jackals 0 ; Jackals 5, Tomtits 0.  
 D. J. H.

### **Netball.**

This term it has been decided to raise a netball team. Although no match has yet been played, it is hoped that one will be arranged in the near future. One sides match has been played, the result being : Jackals 17, Tomtits 6.

D. J. H.

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### **Autumn.**

Fallen leaves, dreary fogs,  
Jack starts bringing in the logs,  
Even the birds are going away,  
Thinking of a better day,  
In foreign lands across the sea,  
Where they will live so gay and free.

But we find beauty in the lanes,  
And here the touch of Autumn wanes,  
Where coloured leaves, a carpet fair,  
Lie all around us everywhere.  
But Hark ! not all the birds have gone,  
For I can hear the Robin's song.

M. DRISCOLL (Form III.)

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### **For the Juniors.**

#### **An Adventure.**

One dark night when I was in bed, I felt a sharp prick ; it was my Golliwog.

" Oh," said I, " What is the matter ? "

" Well," said he, " I wondered if you were going to the Fairy Queen's party."

" I should love to," said I.

" All right," said he, " Come along ! " And he caught hold of my hand.

At that moment everything went black. The next thing I knew was that I was at a lovely party. There was a lion, a tiger, a leopard and a monkey, all munching away.

I sat down and tried to eat some coconut, but I could not.

Suddenly I woke up ; it had all been a dream.

GITTUS (Form II).

### **What the Clock said to the Bell.**

One day the School clock felt very miserable, for it was the beginning of a new term that morning. When nine o'clock came, he knew he would be slow, for he was half-an-hour behind the right time. He felt very lonely, for the School Bell was asleep.

All of a sudden a boy came down the corridor, and he looked at the Clock, which told him it was only half-past eight. So away he went.

At last the Bell woke up, and the Clock said to him "Hallo ! "

The Bell looked up and said, " Good morning," and yawned very sleepily. The Clock looked down and said, " Don't you remember it is the first day of the term, and I have made myself slow, so that we shan't have any children making a noise all the time."

But the Clock and the Bell did not have their peaceful time, as it happened, for the children came at the right time and very soon their voices were heard all over the school.

DAPHNE HARRIS (Form II).

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### **Christmas Presents.**

I. We are going to Birmingham to see Santa Claus, and I am going to choose my presents. For Christmas I would like a big toy dog and one of those toy motor cars to ride in.

II. Tonight it is December 24th. We hang up our pillow cases (not our stockings).

III. At last it is Christmas morning, Oh, look ! My wish has come true ! I have my dog and a big car ! How I shall play with them happily ever afterwards !

MARY ROWLANDS (Form II).

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ALCESTER :  
THE CHRONICLE OFFICE,  
HIGH STREET.

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